

EVELYN GRANVILLE REALLY BEGINS TO REFORM.

Marie St. Felix Writes of Her Determination to Become a Good Woman.

THERE were three of us talking it over.

"The trouble is," said one, musingly, "I don't believe any of these things would do any good—any permanent good."

"But isn't it worth while trying?" I urged.

"I never thought failure could be worth while," said the editor, mildly.

"But," I persisted, "if some one would take her away into the country, quite away from all her dreadful associates, and without lecturing or patronizing her, but in quite a friendly spirit—interest and amuse her, and arouse in her some ambition to be a civilized member of the community—wouldn't that be worth while?"

The editor beat a tattoo on his desk with a blunt blue pencil.

"And this some one who would accompany her to the country—have you any one to recommend?" he asked, with a somewhat sarcastic smile, I thought.

"I would do it," I said, valiantly.

"Yes! And effect?"

"After? I do not understand."

"Well, I presume you do not want to spend all the rest of your days in trying to reform Evelyn Granville Webster. In the natural course of events you would bring her back. What then?"

"I don't suppose I could stay away more than a week," I said, reflectively.

"And in a week she would be quite reformed, you think?" The editor and the reporter man both laughed.

"I don't think anything of the kind," I said, with some spirit. "But I believe it would be possible to keep her from drinking and to persuade her that good, honest work is preferable to Blackwell's Island. And then—I don't believe she is as bad as the papers say. I cannot believe that an educated woman would degenerate into a tramp."

"You see," broke in the reporter, "it's just this way. She might brace up considerably in the country, and even go without drinking, as you say. We will grant that you have persuaded her that Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do, and that she is hungering and thirsting after righteousness—and daily labor. We will even grant that you find some one to give her employment; but, being utterly untrained, I suppose seven or eight dollars a week would be the most she could earn. That would buy her a hall bedroom, fresh eggs for breakfast, good herrings for lunch and a nice little dinner of toast and tea (leaving a few dimes over for shoes and shirts); now, about how long do you think she'd stick to that sort of thing?"

"Plenty of girls live on \$8 a week," I said, stoutly.

"Yes; but not Evelyn Granville," said the reporter. "She's been used to a carousing crowd, now, for years, and she'd find that little hall bedroom very lonely. She'd wonder where Dick and Tom and Fanny were, and she'd go to see. The chances are she wouldn't be so keen after righteousness and daily labor the next day!"

"You may be right," I said, meekly. "I didn't look ahead so far as that."

"The thing is to do her some permanent good," said the editor.

"How about Muldoon?" said the reporter.

"Splendid!" said I. "He puts one in great shape!"

"But he doesn't take women!" interrupted the editor. "I have been wondering how the Keeley Cure would work."

The reporter stopped chewing his thumb-nail and sat up, with a sudden show of interest. "The very thing!" he exclaimed.

"Why, of course," I agreed. "I wonder we didn't think of it before!"

"Just so long as she drinks," the editor continued, "it is impossible to help her. There are a dozen schemes we could put on foot, but the benefit, if any, would be only temporary. If we could keep her sober, however, something might be done. Suppose you see the Keeley people," turning to me, "and, if you can arrange for her to go there, hold yourself in readiness to escort her to White Plains."

"I certainly believe she can be cured," said Mr. Brown, the superintendent of the Keeley Institute at White Plains, "and, moreover, I know of a home, where they would take her, I think, when she leaves here. If she is sincere in her desire to reform, we will do all in our power to aid her. In fact, so far as the treatment is

concerned, we will make no charge."

I expressed my delight at such a generous offer. "How splendid of you! Certainly she ought to do all she can to help herself when every one is trying to help her. May I bring her to-morrow?"

"Bring her to-day, if you like. We will be ready to receive her at any hour."

"And how long will the cure take?"

"Does she take drugs?" he asked.

"I don't know. I suppose so."

"About four weeks' treatment is required for inebriety alone, but if she is addicted to drugs we must keep her six or eight weeks."

"But do you believe you can keep her that long? She might slide down the waterspout and run away!"

"Oh, you understand, her stay must be entirely voluntary," said Mr. Brown. "We do not imprison our patients. They are not even kept at the institute, you know. Mrs. Webster may board wherever she likes in the village and our physician will call on her four times a day to administer the treatment. We exercise no control over her, except to insist that she keeps our rules and drinks nothing except what we furnish."

"You furnish drinks?" I asked in amazement.

"Oh, yes—we give them whiskey just as long as they want it—they only want it a few days, as a rule!"

"In that case I should fancy you would find no difficulty in keeping her," I said.

"Please arrange a boarding place for us and I will bring her down to-night."

I confess I awaited with some trepidation the arrival of Evelyn Granville that night. I had never seen her, and from the newspaper accounts of her career I imagined her something very spectacular. Then, too, the few intoxicated women I had seen had been part of a multitude, and I began to dread being alone with—and responsible for—a drunken woman. That she would be drunk I never doubted; supposed it was her habitual state, and I began to wonder if she would be haggard and flabby, as I believed all drug eaters appeared, or if she had acquired the ruby nose and apoplectic cheek of the chronic imbibitor. In fact, by 9 o'clock—the hour she was due—I was in quite a fever of apprehension. Of course, she would be shabby, but I hoped not noticeably so; I hoped her peroxide tresses would be decently combed; I hoped she wouldn't stagger through the halls; in fact, I was not sure I wanted to go into the reforming business at all!

Figure to yourself my relief when a very buxom young woman in a neat shirt waist and white blouse skirt appeared at the door of my apartment, and announced that she was Mrs. Evelyn Granville-Webster. Her black hair was brushed neatly back from her forehead, and coiled in a small knot behind. Her eyes were clear, and her complexion that of a woman in good health. And so far as any trace of stimulant was concerned there was not the least evidence.

We journeyed down to White Plains together, and took rooms at a small hotel near the institute, as directed by Mr. Brown, who called on us early the following day.

"Now, Mrs. Webster," he said, "we are anxious to give you a new start in life. We

will do all in our power—but you must do your part. You will live in this hotel, and you are quite unrestricted; but if you do not obey our rules we cannot continue the treatment. They are not hard rules—simply you must take a spoonful of medicine every two hours, and the physician will come to you four times a day to give you an injection of bichloride of gold. You are not allowed to leave the village without permission, and the rules of the institute prohibit your lending money to any of the other patients."

Evelyn smiled. "I can promise to obey the last rule," she said.

"If you want to ask any questions, just walk up to the institute—it is very near—and I will send you a bottle of whiskey by and by; when I am gone you are welcome to more—only merely have to ask for it."

"I don't care very much for whiskey," said Evelyn. "Could you substitute champagne?"

Mr. Brown laughed pleasantly. "I am afraid not," he said. "We are a little short on champagne; but there's no lack of whiskey! Now, if you will walk up to the institute with me, I think we will find the doctor there, and you can be examined for entrance."

A big, old-fashioned house, in the centre of a wide lawn, is the Keeley Institute building. Several men were waiting on the porch. All the men, it seems to me, are treated at the institute (only the women having the privilege of home treatment), and they were awaiting the arrival of the doctor. When he came they formed a line, with bared arms, and

might make a new start. I'd take a new name, you know, and, really, I'd try to be something again. In New York every one knows about me, and it seems as if the police just arrested me on sight!"

"But they won't," said I, "when you don't drink any more; and in four weeks from now you won't want to drink any more, you know!"

I thought she sighed—but she smiled the moment after. "Listen!" she said, "I'm going to do my best not to disappoint you. I'll take the medicine regularly, and do just as they tell me; and when I get lonesome I'll get my embroidery or read. I learned to embroider very nicely in the convent, you know, and I can paint a little, too—if I had some brushes and paints. Do you think the Journal would send me some? If I keep busy, I'll be good."

That is the whole sum and substance of it, I think. I believe there is good in Evelyn Granville. If she can keep busy enough and forget the past and its gloom, to "look forward and not back," I believe she will leave White Plains a credit to the faith and generosity shown her by the Keeley Institute and the New York Journal. Let us hope so, very earnestly, for in every one's self comes a last chance.

MARIE ST. FELIX.

Recovered \$45,000 from the Maw of the Angry Seas.

After having been submerged in 180 feet of water for seven years, the treasure on board the steamer Skyro, sunk off Cape Finisterre in April, 1891, has been recovered by divers. The Skyro sailed from Cartagena, bound for London, with a valuable cargo, including bar silver, valued at \$45,000. All went well until approaching Cape Finisterre in foggy weather, when the vessel struck on the Mexican reef, but passed over, and went down in deep water within twenty minutes, and about two miles off the coast. An expedition went out in the same year, but was unable to secure the treasure.

Last year another effort was made, with more powerful diving apparatus, and resulted in fifty-nine bars being recovered. The working depth for the diver was never less than 28½ fathoms—171 feet—and it frequently exceeded this.

To obtain these bars it was found necessary to blow away the deck with dynamite, which the diver did, only after great difficulty, owing to the boisterous state of the weather. Work was compulsorily suspended in October, but again resumed this summer with satisfactory results.

Thought They Had Found the Famous Niebelungen Gold.

Frankfurt on the Main had a sensation the other day which can only be compared with that produced in this country by the discovery of gold in the Klondike region. In the German case it was also gold that caused the excitement.

Everybody knows, of course, the legend of the gold of the Niebelungen, made famous by Wagner's opera of the "Ringelied." This hoard is supposed to be beneath the waters of the Rhine. Frankfurt knew of the legend and in consequence grew very much interested in the report spread broadcast a few weeks ago that the gold could be plainly seen at the bottom of the River Main, a tributary of the Rhine. Investigation followed and great was the surprise when the report proved true.

The gold was plainly visible from one of the numerous bridges crossing the Main. Divers were at once sent down and brought back a pallid of the precious metal in the shape of golden coils of the time of Louis XIV. This dispelled the Niebelungen theory, but as the gold was used for the poor of the city, everybody was satisfied. It is thought that the coils were a part of a war fund sunk at that point during one of the numerous wars of the last century.

Romance of a "Hello" Girl and a Practical Joke.

THIS is a genuinely funny story, and the best of it is that it is true, every word, as the records of the Parisian courts will attest. It happened two weeks ago and everybody in the court room, from the solemn Judge down to the defendant, was convulsed with laughter. Jeanne de Valier, the daughter of an eminently respectable and wealthy family, was on trial charged with malicious mischief.

The girl is not yet twenty, has beautiful, reddish brown hair, a fine figure, and is as pretty as she is mischievous. She went by the name of Clemence Rodier, and obtained employment as a telephone central girl. When asked by the Judge why she worked, when there was no necessity for doing so, she replied that she wanted adventure.

She said that an acquaintance told her that she could overhear many an interesting secret at this kind of employment, and that decided her—far she was a woman, and being one, she was curious. And this is what led to her arrest. Her first adventure came on August 5. On that day there came a call for a number, and this conversation ensued, much to the delight of pretty Jeanne:

"Hello, who is that?"

"This is Irma."

"This is Pierre."

"Will you call to-night? My husband is not at home."

That was too much for Jeanne's spirit of fun, and a moment later a deep voice called over the telephone:

"Madame, I shall inform your husband."

"Who is it?" he gasped.

"It is Death," moaned a voice, and then the telephone bell began a wild gongado that sent the old man into a panic. Thoroughly scared he crawled back to bed and the next morning he sent the required six hundred francs to his scapegrace nephew.

A dozen other witnesses testified to the weird pranks of the telephone. One man declared that he asked for a theatre and was connected with an undertaker's shop. Another wanted the Stock Exchange and got the inventor of a prospective alibi.

When the Judge was about to pronounce sentence, the principal complainant, the Pierre of the first instance mentioned, stepped forth and announced that since the suit was instituted he had fallen in love with pretty Jeanne and had married her. In view of this, the court suspended sentence.

The American Girl Who Refused to Meet the Prince.

MISS GRACE THOMPSON is a high-minded and beautiful American girl, who has refused to meet the Prince of Wales. In other words, she has contemptuously rejected a so-called honor which would have transported almost every other woman of social aspirations in England or America into the seventh heaven of delight.

Miss Thompson is a daughter of Judge and Mrs. William B. Thompson, of St. Louis. Her beauty, wit and charming manners have already made her one of the greatest favorites of St. Louis society. The last two years she has been in Europe, where she has been received in the highest and most exclusive circles.

Recently she was at Homburg, in Germany, which the Prince visits almost every year. When he last arrived there he heard of the presence of Miss Thompson, of her beauty and charming qualities, and expressed a desire to meet her, confident that the opportunity would be grasped with frantic joy. But the young American woman noticed it by leaving Homburg.

The snub to the Prince of Wales was so marked that a European newspaper, the *Luzerne Times*, recorded it.

Why should a respectable American woman refuse to meet the Prince of Wales? some unsophisticated persons may ask.

Because he is an associate, patron and encourager of immoral women, money lenders, stock manipulators, card players and gamblers of all kinds.

By his flagrant conduct he has degraded

the tone of public morality in the higher or fashionable classes of society throughout the world.

It is a lamentable fact that the gross offences of the Prince too often find only admiration, instead of the reprobation they deserve, and which in others they would receive.

Some years ago the Prince of Wales's friend, Sir William Gordon Cumming, was put on trial for cheating at cards.

The Wilsons, immensely wealthy parvenus, had invited a party of people to meet the Prince at their country house. Among them was Cumming, an officer and comparatively poor man.

The chief amusement of the party was playing baccarat for outrageously high stakes. This was done, of course, primarily to please the Prince.

Gordon Cumming was virtually convicted of cheating and driven from the army. Thus the Prince's amusement caused the disgrace of his friend and smirched the reputations of many persons, some of them women.

The Prince was at the Wilsons' house without the Princess of Wales, but among the guests was Lady Brooke, a beautiful woman, whose society the Prince has favored for many years. It was well and publicly known in England that the Princess would visit no house where Lady Brooke was present.

To enumerate the immoderate list of notorious intrigues in which the Prince has been engaged would be both superfluous and nauseating.

Miss Grace Thompson, the Only American Woman Who Ever Snubbed the Prince of Wales.



Evelyn Granville's First Day in the New Chapter of Her Life.



Miss Grace Thompson, the Only American Woman Who Ever Snubbed the Prince of Wales.